A KENTUCKY VENDETTA.

The Eyersole-French Feud Results in the Killing of Two Men in Knott County.

Louisville, Ky., Dec. 22 -Information has inst reached here that four more men concerned in the noted French-Eversole feud have been killed in the mountain region north of Cumberland Gap. With the killing of Joseph C. Eversole, the leader of one faction, together with Martin Combs, a leading adherent, on May 3, last, the French side obtained a decided advantage. When Judge Lilly, early in November, opened court at Hazard to hear the murder eases involved in the feud, he summoned and received a company of the Louisville Legion of the State Guard to protect him. The case against Frank French, the leader, was contiqued, and the others went, on a change of vanue, to be tried on Dec. 3 at Hindman, Knott county, and the troops were recalled. Then Judge Lilly begged that they be sent with him to Hindman, and when refused he at first declined to hold court, but finally called the session for Dec. 10. As the prisoners were being taken to Hindman, the guard was attacked by French, who had come out with a band supplied with arms at his store in Hindman. Repulsed by the guard, French gave up his design of taking away the prisoners, and seems to have determined to murder the witnesses instead. On the afternoon of Dec. 10, just after court was called to begin the trials, there was a great outcry and running in the streets. Three men were seen in excited chase of two fugitives. As they turned down a side lane a rattle of shots was heard, and the two in front fell. One of them rose again, staggered a few steps forward, and fell in a heap on the stones. The pursuers ran around a back way, jumped on their horses and came dashing through the crowd in the princinal street, waving their hats and shouting curses on their enemies. They were greeted with a volley of stones and a number of pistol shots. but escaped unburt. There was a short pursuit, but if there has been an organized effort to capture them it is not known. They were recognized as "Red Mule" Smith and Lewis and Lile Hays, all of the French faction. When the fallen men were reached they were found to be John and Andrew Sloan, brothers, and principal witnesses against the French side in the trial. John Sloan was dead, with eight backshot through his chest and a Winchester hall through his brain. Andrew lay among the stones gasping. He had a leg and arm broken and a ghastly hole through his lungs. He lived till morning, and it was learned by questions and signs that Smith and his companons had tried to provoke a quarrel with him and brother. When they turned away their tormentors followed and the chase began, ending in their murder. Richard Vance and another man whose name is not given, both important witnesses against the French side, have also been ordered away since the trials at Hazard. What Judge Lilly did with the cases is not known, as the report comes by mail from another neighboring town. It is said that Clobe Jones, the sheriff of Hindman, happened to be in range of the shots fired by Smith and the Hars men, and received a flesh wound. On Dec. 16 Isaac Combs, known as "Shooting Ike," went from Knott county to the home of Hoop Davis, a neighbor in Breathitt, with a threat of murder preceding him. When Combs came in sight, Davis, without a word, shot him dead. Whether they were involved in the feud

TELEGRAPHIC BREVITIES.

The negro Dan Miller, who murdered J. C. Wagner at New Haven, Ky., last Tuesday night, was captured on Friday night, hiding in a hay-stack. His arms and legs were badly frozen.

Edward Gallagher, of Albany, N. Y., a machinist,

was found frozen to death, this morning, 500 feet from his house. He was lifty-one years of age, and leaves a wife and eight or nine children. Harry Swart, convicted ten days ago, at Louisville of the murder of Meisner Green and Belle Ward, was

yesterday sentenced to hang on Feb. 1, 1889. His wife, Ollie Swart, is yet to be tried as accessory to the John Barbee, who was Mayor of Louisville in 1855, is lying at the point of death at his home near that

His daughter, the wife of Bishop Gallaher, arrived on Friday. His other children are also at his A Bellevill & Carondelet train was derailed eight miles from Belleville, on Friday, and Thomas Ash. a tireman, was crushed and scalded to death. His

brother, William Ash, and George Sacks, a brake-

man, were fatally injured. Asiolph Mueller's new comic opera, the "King's Fool, will be produced for the first time in America at the Columbia Theater in Chicago, on Monday night. Heinrich Conreid directs the performance, and the cast embraces 130 people

A large number of Austrian krentzers have been in erculati n in Chicago. They closely resemble cents. but are less in value. It is thought that certain people have made a handsome profit by regularly importing these coins and putting them in circulation as

While at a shooting match at Shaffersville, Pa., Yesterday afternoon, Daniel Goodman was accidentally shot by Jacob Isett, who was getting ready to shoot. Goodman was arranging the target, when the ball from Isett's gun hit him in the left lung, and he

Ernest Kurtz and his fifteen-year-old son were found dead in the woods about three miles from Jackson Fort, Wis., on Friday. They had gone out early in the morning to cut cord-wood, and the supposition is that a limb fell from a tree which they were cutting

and killed both instantly. It was learned at Pittsburg, yesterday, from an of-ficial source, that the scale of wages of the glassworkers in the table ware factories has been signed. The same wages as are now paid will be in effect for another year. The scale applies to about 2,500 men employed in the twenty table-ware factories in dif-

Dr. S. A. Richmond, of St. Joseph, Mo., who shot and killed Col. J. W. Strong, a proprietor of the Daily Herald, June 18, 1886, and was afterwards declared insune and incarcerated in Asylum No. 2, from which he escaped Nov. 14, 1887, has volun tarily returned to St. Joseph and surrendered himself to the asylum authorities.

Terrible Struggle with a Bear.

erent parts of the country.

WATERTOWN, Dak., Dec. 22,-Rev. J. W. Stokesbury has received intelligence of a terrible struggle his brother, Prof. D. E. Stokesbury, had recently with a bear in the mountains of Wyom ng, in which the Professor was probably fatally injured. Prof. Stokesbury is a geologist connected with Prof. Marsh's party. About a week ago, while he and an assistant were engaged at a point sixty miles north of Carbon, they were overtaken by a band of seven silver-tip bears. Observing them approach, the men sought refuge on a large rock, and, being well armed, succeeded in dispatching four of the bears and wounding a fifth before losing sight of the game in the thicket. Flushed with success, the Professor sprang into the brush in pursuit, when he was suddenly confronted by the wounded animal, a monster female. In turnng he fell, and was at once caught by the bear and given a violent shaking. Dropping him, she caught him in the side of the right leg above the knee, tearing off the flesh and splintering the bone. She next sprang at his face, but he intercepted the attack with his left arm, which was bitten entirely through. She attacked his side, and at one blow broke three ribs. The Pro-fessor, who had throughout retained hold of his rifle, with his right hand, finally succeeded in giving her a fatal shot in the head. The bear weighed about 700 pounds. Stokesbury will probly die.

The New Orleans Races.

NEW ORLEANS. Dec. 22 .- The racing continued today. The weather was clear and pleasant and the First Race-Six furlongs. Starters: Fred Wooley Propus, Orange Girl, Eldorado, Jim Nave, Porter Ashe, Wild Boy. Fred Wooley and Eldorado ran a dead heat in 1:18. On the run-off Fred Wooley ran

ers: Get, Run After Em, Syntax, Lulu May, Moon ston, Benton, Montpelier, Luke Dart, Tam O'Shanter. Luin May won in 1:1219: Get second, Syntax, third Third Race—Five eighths of a mile. Starters: Cheey. Red Leaf. Moorna, Jimmie B., Jim Jordan, Lord Grosvenor, Victress, Dan Meeks, Little Bess, torine, Henry Hardy. Jimmie B. won in 1:05; Red eat second. Cheney third. Fourth Race-Three-fourths of a mile. Starters: Kitty Pease, Pell Mell, Bob Forsythe, Countess, herwood, John Daly, Pritchett, Annawan, Jim Williams. Kitty Pesse won in 1:18; Countess sec-

Second Race-Eleven-sixteenths of a mile. Start-

end, Pritchett third.

Grottkau Must Return to Prison.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 22. The Supreme Court at adison to-day rendered a decision which will send aul Grottkau, of anarchistic fame, back to the louse of Correction to serve out about eleven months year's sentence for rioting in May, 1886. On May 7, 1887, Judge Sloan sentenced Grottkan to one year's imprisonment at hard labor, but he was recased pending an appeal to the Supreme Court. On Jan. 10, 1888, the Supreme Court directed the execution of the sentence, but Judge Sloan did not commit him until April 5. The papers contained no date his discharge, and the question arose as to when should be released. Grottkau's attorney held that his client's term of imprisonment began with the tate of his sentence. The case dragged along until May 21, when a writ was granted on this ground, and Grottkau released. District Attorney Wegner then appealed the case to the Supreme Court, with the result noted above. Grottkau is now running a photograph gallery in Chicago, and he will have to be

Sad Plight of William A. McConnell. NEW YORK, Dec. 22 .- A shabbily-dressed man with an air of refinement was to-day arraigned for intox. Massey, who at once recognized the prisoner as Wm. A. McConnell, former manager of the Brooklyn Theater in Mr. Haverly's reign. Mr. McConnell is well known throughout the country as a theater manager, and a few years ago he and his brother, Charles H. were owners of the National Printing and Engraving McConnells have lost money very rapidly, and it bedig. Wm. A. McConnell is an actor and has been a lable.

leader with Booth and Barrett for quite a long time. Last spring he started from Chicago with a play which was written for him by a Chicago journalist. The play was first produced in one of the smaller towns of Illinois, and was there con-sidered a great success. Mr. McConnell opened with it shortly afterward in Chicago and there it proved a failure, and he gave it up and disbanded the company. He then came to New York and was engaged as manager or agent for Estell Clayton, who produced Amelie Rives's "Quick or the Dead." This play proved a flat failure and the company was soon broken up. McConnell became disenheartened at his bad luck and began drinking heavily. About three weeks ago he was arrested in New York for intoxication and was sent to Biackwell's island for fifteen days, from which institution he was released Sunday last. His friends in Brooklyn learned of his sad plight and made up a large bundle of clothing, which was sent over to him. As soon as he got out he resumed his drinking habits, which resulted in his arrest last night. He has plenty of friends in Brooklyn, and when he is released from the Inebriates' Home, to which he was to-day committed, some measures will undoubtedly be taken to place him on his feet again.

Murderous Outrage at Wichits, Kan-WICHITA, Kan., Dec. 22.-Two terrific explosions. with but a brief interval between them, were heard yesterday. The mill and wareroom of J. P. Wicox was blown off its foundation and the ruins enveloped in flames. There are believed to have been a woman and a boy in the building. The explosives were put under the floor of the building, but the motives for the perpetration of the outrage are unknown.

Conductor and Brakeman Killed. PUBBLO, Col., Dec. 22 .- This morning, at Cucharas, forty miles south of this city, a Denver & Rio Grande freight conductor, Wm. E. Comstock, and trakeman

Henry Borst, were killed by a brake-wheel giving way. Both men were turning the brake when it gave way. Borst was run over by the train and living only killed; Comstock's skull was fractured, he living only Borst was run over by the train and instantly Slain by Her Daughter. NORRISTOWN, Pa., Dec. 22.-Mrs. Kowolski, of

Port Kennedy, was shot and killed by her daughter,

at their home, this morning. The daughter picked up a revolver, which a peddler had left at the house, and

playfully pointed the weapon at her mother, when it

was discharged, and Mrs. Kowolski fell dead. The coroner is making an investigation.

Eight Men Killed. Sr. Louis, Dec. 22.-Dispatches from Arizona say that a construction train on the Arizona & Southeastern railroad, with some sixty laborers on board, jumped the track near a coke siding. Thursday evening, and rolled down a high embankment, killing seven or eight of the men and wounding several others.

Woman Found Dead in Bed.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal LOGANSPORT, Ind., Dec. 22.-Mrs. Geo. Leightner, who separated from her husband a few weeks ago, was found dead in her bed this morning. Mrs. Leightner was sixty-seven years of age, and has a son living in Indianapolis, and a sister in St. Louis.

A CURIOUS RECOVERY.

How Eleven Thousand Dollars in Bonds Turned Up After Twenty Years. Pittsburg Dispatch.

A curious affair has just turned up in a legal way that deals with the unexpected recovery of valuable papers lost for twenty years. It seems that, in 1869, a Northern man was a contractor on the Mississippi levee at a place called Greenville. At that time the State had a habit of paying off the contractors upon enormous scheme in bonds. Just after he received the last installment the contractor became ill and died, leaving a widow and two children living in Covington, Ky. The papers had been handed over to his wife, who forwarded them to her lawyer in Greenville by Adams express, and that was the last of them until but a few days ago. The bonds were mailed in two separate packages, one of \$9,000 and the other of \$2,000. They were in unobtrusive, brownish paper time in the summer 1869, and the poor woman never again heard of her little fortune. For days, and months, and years she haunted the Adams Express office, and finally the story became so old. and her face such a constant sight about the office, that the affair came to be treated as a sort of legend, if not a myth, and all attempts at investigation ceased.

The woman died with the mystery as dense as ever, and the legend was forgotten, even by her children, until a few weeks ago, when a daughter, in rummaging over some old papers, came across the receipts given by the express company for the very same packages. This aroused interest in the family tradition, and the papers were sent to attorney J. D. Watson, of this city, who, with but a slender thread to go by, wrote a most indefinite letter to Adams Express Company at Cincinnati, but was astonished upon receiving an answer in two weeks that the packages had been found and were ready for the owner. The reply of the company shows a most marvelous amount of red tapeism, and unerring accuracy in the looking up of strayed | retreat of his soldiers which made the sound of packages and the history of the lost bonds is the most curious part of the whole affair. The woman had evidently taken the wrong course in attempting to recover the lost package. An employe of the company had made a blun-

der, and refused to acknowledge it. One of the packages went to Nashville and the other to Memphis, and both finally found their way, after fruitless advertising, to the dead-letter or package office at Pensacola. As the brown paper made them appear very

insignificant, the valuable packages had been advertised and offered for sale time again; but no purchaser was found for the apparently worthless things. People bought over them and under them, purchased old shoes and last year's clothing, indulged in patent medicine and tired grip-sacks, but never offered a penny for the \$11,000. It required the f rout of the early morning, and who quickened proper authorities but two weeks to look up the whole affair, even upon such indefinite clews, and they actually located the man who made the first blunder. He will not be discharged,

however-he's dead. How They Keep Warm in Italy.

Rome Correspondence Philadelphia Inquirer. If you propose to do as the Romans do, you will have neither open fireplace nor stove. You will spend about \$3 and buy a brasciere. This is a machine generally made of brass. A pan or plate stands upon three legs about of battle. four inces from the floor, and the cover to this is generally dome-shaped, about a loot and a half in height, of polished brass in ornamental design. In the pan part you put about a soup-plateful of carbonella, or gas-extracted charcoal, and on top of that some live cinders. You then fan the cinders until the coke is all ignited. Once ignited, it burns itself. It burns very slowly, and you sit above the embers, coaxing warmth and a beadache, until the upper part of your anatomy is chilled through. You then find it necessary, in order

to get warm, to go out for a walk or go to bed. This is the chief Italian method of housewarming, for rich and poor alike. On the same principle, there is another instrument called the scalding, which is made of terra-cotta, is bowlshaped, and has a base of about the diameter of a coffee-saucer. Live coals are also placed in this. It is likewise a favorite of both rich and You may see the poor match vender huddled up in the corner or a church-step with her scalding on her knee, warming her hands; or find the costly little porcelain bowl under the princess's feet as she receives you in her drawing-room, with her fur cape over her shoulders and her hands in her muff.

A Mastodon Time-Teller.

Jawelers' Review. Philadelphians will not be at a loss to learn the time of day or night after the big clock that is to ornament the tower of the public building is put into position. A person can form some idea of its immensity when influential clock-makers say that it will take a whole calendar year to place the clock machinery in the tower after the building shall have been completed. The bell is to weigh between 20,000 and 25,000 pounds, second only in weight to the great Montreal Cathedral bell, which weighs 28,000 pounds, and its pealings are calculated to be heard even to the most distant parts of the city. The Westminster chimes will be used, ringing on the quarter, half, three-quarters and hour. The center of the dial (twenty-five feet diameter) will be 361 feet above the street. In order to distinguish the time at night, the dial will be illuminated by electricity so that the position of the bands can be located from any point in the | emy. The minute hand is to be twelve and the hour hand nine feet in

length, while the Roman figures on the dial will each measure two feet eight inches in length. A steam engine will be placed in the tower to wind up the ciant time-piece each day. All in all, it will be an immense affair, and a fitting | dan spread from coffee maker to coffee-maker, emblem to the giant building now in course of

Dogs' Tails as Currency.

Vancouver World. In some of the counties of Dakota they pay 5 cents a tail for prairie dogs, and in one place they pass as currency. A man goes into a saloon and for his drinks throws on to the counter gopher tails. It looks a little novel in church to see prairie dog tails going into the contributionbox, but so it is. The idea might be utilized in getting rid of the rats which swarm in Vanconver in such large numbers. The collection-

boxes could soon be filled. The American Cultivator recommends a mixture of hydraulic cement and skim-milk for painting farm buildings and fences. The cement is placed in a bucket and sweet skim-milk stirred in until the mixture is of the consistency of cream. The proportions are about one quart

AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD.

Graphic Description of Gen. Phil Sheridan's Famous Ride from Winchester.

From Gep. Francis A. Waiker's Eulogy at Boston: We now approach that day which in public estimation will always be the brightest and most glorious in Sheridan's career. To the military student other battles have as high a degree of interest as Cedar Creek. But nothing in the history of warfare so fascinates the popular mind as victory snatched from the jaws of defeet through the personal influence of a great commander. Sheridan's power to acquire the confidence of his men in camp, by care, and pains and dicipline, and to inspire them with martial enthusiasm in battle by his magnetic presence and his own example of fiery valor, had, indeed. been an element of his whole career, but the day that dawned upon the night be lay at Winchester was destined to witness a manifestation of that peculiar force so striking and remarkable as profoundly to influence the imagination of the American people.

The troops under command of General Wright

were adequate either to hold a defensive line or to encounter Early in an open fight; but the traditions of Stonewall Jackson had inspired every confederate commander with a passion for flank attacks, and here the occasion offered itself. The Union position was, on the whole, a good one. Its right was open, but to assail this the confederates would have had to pass completely across our front, making their retreat, in case of repulse with inferior numbers, a matter of grave doubt. There were, moreover, on this flank two divisions of cavalry to give notice of such a movement and to delay a hostile advance. The Union left was, however, but slightly held and carelessly observed, notwithstanding that the enemy in attacking here would have their lines of retreat well behind them. General Wright's reason for treating this end of the line with comparative neglect was found in the character of the country, the Massanutten range at this point coming down on Cedar Creek in abrupt and ragged masses. But it must have been a very difficult mountain, indeed, which a confederate column, bent on a flank attack upon a Union army, could not either cross or turn. During the night of the 18th, General John B. Gordon, with three divisions, was sent across the river and around the base of the mauntain by a narrow foot path, while Early's other two divisions were put into position to co-operate, at the critical moment, by an attack upon the Union front and right.

The confederate movements were made with secrecy and celerity. At break of day Kershaw carried a small work on Wright's left, and, almost at the same moment, Gordon, having twice crossed the Shenandoah on his stealthy march, broke upon the camps of Crook with an overwhelming force. The surprise was complete, the rout total. The position of the Nineteenth Corps, relative to the Eighth, was such that when the latter was driven from its camps, the former was forced to retreat rapidly to save itself from being taken in the rear. This enabled the last confederate division to cross the stream, and Earlys line thus became continuous, with the enormous advantage arising from the rout of Crook's command and the hasty retreat of Emory's. This advantage was availed of to the utmost, and the rapid and furious advance of the enemy soon drove the Union army back in more or less disorder, much here, less there, until Getty's gallant division of the Sixth corps, the heroes of twenty battles, bravely supported by the cavalry under Torbert, at last brought Early to a stand. The Union camps and a large part of the Union artillery were the fruits of this daringly conceived and skillfully executed attack.

Meanwhile, where was Sheridan? Fatigue by the sharp traveling of the three preceding days, the commander of the Middle Military Division had promised himself a comfortable night's rest and a leisurely breakfast before preceeding to camp: but at 6 o'clock it was reported from the outposts that artillery firing was to be heard in the direction of Cedar Creek. Wright had given information that Grover's division was to go out that morning on a reconnisance, and the noise was naturally attributed to this. There was yet enough in it to make Sheridan restless, and orders were sent to "hurry up the cook." Firing continued to be heard from the south, but not in a way to create alarm, and it was not until a little before 9 o'clock that the staff rode down the streets of Winchester.

The first intimation of anything unusual came from the sinister looks and insulting gestures of the women, who, having doubtless obtained by "grapevine telegraph" intelligence of Early's proposed march, could not withhold

the exhibition of their spite and rage. As the edge of the town was reached the roar of artillery became continuous and more vehement, and Sheridan could no longer doubt that a considerable action was in progress, while the sounds that came up the pike, each moment, "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before, told him that it was not alone his own motion, now quickened to a furious pace, but the rapid battle grow so fast upon the ear. Sheridan had teneath him that morning the good horse Rienzi, who had borne him in his battles, from Perryville down to this day of fate, and as the coal-black steed flung bimself into the race that was a race for more than life, escort and staff drifted astern like cargo flung from a ship that drives before the cale. Down the pike rushed horse and rider, until Sheridan found himself amid the wreckage of the morning's battle, which had by this time floated miles away from the field of action. Here, in long and straggling procession, were hundreds of men slightly wounded, most of them still carrying their muskets, that balmiest of salves for the conscience of the slightly injured soldier. Hundreds there were, too, of men unhurt, who had been struck by unreasoning panic in the their flight at every fresh outburst of artillery, miles to the rear. Hundreds more there were who, becoming separated from their regiments and companies, had lost their interest in the war: and, though as cool as ever they were in their lives, had set out for Winchester and meant to get there, but were not in such haste that they could not stop, every now and then,

to "make coffee" on the way. With this throng of fugitives were led horses and officers' servants, ammunition and baggage wagons, and all that belongs in the rear of a line

Tradition, popular fame and poetry represent Sheridan as pursuing his headlong ride to the very end, but he himself records that, when he met these stragglers and runaways, he frequently stopped his horse and listened to their reports of what had occured, reports which he was too old a soldier not to take for what they were worth; and, for a time thereafter, he proceeded at a slower pace, reflecting what should be done in this grave and terrible case. "As I continued at a walk a few hundred yards further," he says, "thinking all the time of Longstreet's telegram to Early, 'Be ready when I join you and we will crush Sheridan.' I was fixing in my mind what I should do. My first thought was to stop the army in the suburbs of Winchester as it came back, form a new line and fight there; but as the situation was more maturely considered a better conception prevailed. I was sure that the troops had confidence in me, for heretofore we had been successful; and as at other times they had seen me present at the slightest sign of trouble or distress, I felt that I ought to try now to restore their broken ranks.

His plan formed, to fight as far to the front as might be, and, if possible, to recover the lost camps, Sheridan quickened his pace; and, leaving the road, which had now become filled with wagons and wounded men, he struck into the fields where he could give his brave Rienzi the

"When most of the wagons and wounded were past I returned to the road, which was thickly lined with unburt men, who, having got far enough to the rear to be out of danger, had halted, without any organization, and began cooking coffee; but when they saw me they abandoned their coffee, threw up their hats, shouldered their muskets, and, as I passed along, turned to follow with enthusiasm and cheers. To acknowledge this exhibition of feeling I took off my hat, and with Forsyth and O'Keefe rode some distance in advance of my escort, while every mounted officer who saw me galloped out on either side of the pike to tell the men at a distance that I had come back. In this way the news was spread to the stragglers off the road, when they, too, turned their faces toward the front and marched toward the en-* * I said nothing except to remark, as I rode among those on the road: 'If I had been with you this morning this disaster would not have happened. We must face the other way; we will go back and recover our camp.'" To go back and retake the camps was now the word of the beaten army. The name of Sheri-

Brave men who had forgottes themselves regained their manhood, as they saw the hero of Winchester galloping to the fore; the doubtful and feeble souls caught the impulse, and with cheers turned toward the battle-field; even the cowardly were ashamed, and floated back upon the tide. As he reached Newtown, Sheridan was unable to get through the street, so great was the press, and was compelled to ride around the village; but the cry that Sheridan had come, now raised on every hand, soon melted this mass also, and, without organization and without leaders, the motley throng of broken men from twenty regiments moved down the pike. When Sheridan, at about 10:30, reached the front, he found Getty's division, with the cavalry, opposing a firm front to the enemy, about three miles from the line of the early morning. What remained of the Nineteenth Corps, with the other divisions of the Sixth, and a thin line composed mainly of officers and color-bearers of cement to a gallon of milk. Color may be from the broken Eighth, occupied less advanced added, if desired. This paint is cheap and dur- positions. There were, in fact, men enough: are floating about the country just now steals what was wanted was a commander, and the | trash.

from straggler to straggler.

commander had come. At once Sheridan announced his purpose to go back and retake the camps. Officers and men caught fire at his words. The troops in the rear, ordered forward, came

up on the double-quick with cheers. If the confederate commander had been wise he would have retired across Cedar creek on hearing those cheers. His remarkable success at the opening of the battle had been due almost wholly to surprise. At 9 o'clock Early had cained a victory which would have done much to hearten the confederate armies from the Shenandoah to the Mississippi. He should either have gone forward, giving Wright's army no time to reform, or he should promptly have retired, carrying off not only the honors of the day, but all his prisoners and the twenty-four captured cannon. But Early was fascinated by the position he occupied, holding the camps of his enemy and threatening a fresh attack; while yet he hesitated to go forward, from fear of being assailed in flank by the now dreaded cavalry of Torbert. In his report he complains that great numbers of his men had left their colors, and were engaged in plundering the Union camps. At length, somewhat past midday, Gordon advanced upon the Nineteenth Corps, but was repulsed, and the two armies again fell into the attitude of watching each other, while Sheridan exerted himself and employed the staff to the uttermost to bring up the men who

had gone to the rear. Between 3:30 and 4 o'clock the order to go forward was given to the whole Union line. In vain the confederates resisted; in vain they took the initiative with their customary audacity and attempted to enwrap Sheridan's right. The Union cavalry, under Custer and Lowell, charged impetuously whenever occasion offered; the infantry vied with them in the rapidity of their advance. As they drove the enemy over the ground lost in the morning the impulse grew, and the troops on the left forgot their orders to allow the right to swing around so as to cut Early off from retreat through Strasburg to Fisher's hill. The whole line went forward, left, center and right abreast; the camps were retaken, the Union guns found their rightful owners, and the confederate divisions which had crossed Cedar creek in the morning to work such havor were driven back in confusion and dire disorder, and pursued till nightfall by the tireless cavalry.

SIEGES OF THE WAR. Hardships Endured by Those Who Held the

Fort of Knoxville.

Lieutene at Stevenson, in Pittsburg Dispatch. During the late war three notable sieges took place. Of these the siege of Vicksburg was first in point of time, the second was Knoxville and the third was Petersburg. Vicksburg began May 18, 1862; Knoxville, Nov. 18, 1863, and Petersburg, June 18, 1864. It is a little singular that they all began on the 18th day of the month. Though not the greatest, yet the siege of Knoxville will always be looked upon as one of the most memorable events of the war. It was not to be a question so much of bravery, discipline and strategy as endurance; though the other three attributes came in very handy as the siege progressed. Being on the inside, the greatest problem, to us, was that of rations. We were hurriedly driven into the city. and had but little time to "lay in" grub enough for a siege of many days. We were corraled within a small area, officers, soldiers and mules, and all had to be fed.

On the 18th, therefore, things began to look serious. Longstreet pressed up as close to the city as he thought prudent. In coming up to the city, on the Loudon road, on the 18th, there was a brisk skirmish between Longstreet's troops and the federal cavalry under Captain Sanders. The advance was hotly contested by the cavalry, and in a charge Captain Sanders was mortally wounded. While fighting was going on outside our line of investment, we were engaged in the trenches.

The evening of the 18th found us hemmed in,

actually surrounded, not as Sigel had Jackson

surrounded on the 28th of August, 1862, when

we of the old "Roundhead" regiment were moving on Buil Run, that is on all sides but three, and the fourth side in dispute; but here we were on the inner circle, and the rebs on three sides-rebels on the east of us, rebeis on the north of us. Johnnies on the west of us, and the Holston river and a pontoon oridge on the south of us. The "Roundheads" were placed in and around the principal fort on the line of defense-Fort Sanders. Here we set to work, and between shovelfuls of dirt we dodged bullets. This was a chance to utilize the contrabands. We brought them to the front, put picks and shovels in their hands, bossed the job and put the firishing touches on. The negroes worked splendidly when the rebs would cease firing, but, when the "zips" would come in, it was hard to keep them at work. It can be truly said, however, that on this occasion they were more willing to work than white men. The white men who were drafted were generally sorely afflicted. Some of them had several disorders at a time when brought within range of the festive bullet. Burnside was not particular, however. He did not seem to care any more for white rebel than a colored gentleman. On our part of the line was placed General Edward Ferrero's division, which commanded all the approaches from the west.

At dusk a gradual quietness settled over the city, with only here and there a stray picket shot to drive away the oppressive stillness and make the boys nervous. All at once sweet strains of music were heard out along the London road at Longstreet's headquarters. The band began to play "Away Down South in Dixie." We forgot for the time that our mortal enemy was near us, and listened intently. It was singularly grand. When the rebel band ceased playing, our musicians struck up a patriotic air like "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." The rets stood quiet till the music stopped when their turn came-a sort of third relief-"My Maryland" was then rendered by the rebel band, which reminded us that the rebel horde was at our door. Thus, alternately, the two bands played the airs of their respective sides. much to our delectation, and no doubt the rebs enjoyed it also. I had heard this alternate band playing before. At Fredericksburg, in that dreary fall of 1862 and winter of 1862-63, on several occasions the soldiers were entertained by opposing bands, when "The Bonny Blue Flag" and "The Starspangled Banner" were alternately furled and who remember those war times will recall this incident and many others of like nature. I am sure the survivors among the old soldiers will.

The 18th closed, and the first day of the siege was past. The question was, who defends us while we sleep! We cannot all go to bed and sleep. Some of those "boys" must stand guard over us through the night. In the evening a line of pickets was placed beyond us, and all around the city. Little pits were dug in the ground, the dirt thrown up on the side toward the enemy, here the pickets had to stay twenty-four hours. This not ordinary picket duty, possibly there was nothing like it for severity and danger during the whole war. In these pits the picket had to remain all the time. His life depended on this, for if he showed himself outside the pit, some vigilant reb seemed to be ready for him. From this time on through the entire siege our men were required to go on picket about every third night. Old soldiers will know from this

what was required to defend Knoxville. The rifle pit was an uncomfortable place when it rained. Dreary days and dismal nights were spent in the muddy holes, with a cold rain beating down upon the solitary occupant. The water collected rapidly, and all the soldier could do was to bail it out with his tin cup. This was one of the worst features of the siege. All the bakeries were put on "double turn" on

the 18th, by order of General Burnside, and every effort was put forth to provision the troops. "Soft bread," the soldier's luxury, was issued. We also got another article that was not considered "soft," and that was whisky! As the two generally go together, tobacco was also issued. This was the first time that tobacco was put on the "free list." To lovers of the weed, it was a big thing, and saved the man a dime. The tobacco was "confiscated." But war was war at Knoxville. The troops took everything they could lay their bands on, if it would help them. It was rough, but we could not help it. As the siege progressed, it was rougher, and the boys even stole corn from the mules. This was the most grievous offense of all, as the soldier's best friend was the mule. Six of them to a baggage-wagon full of commissary stores coming into camp among a lot of hungry soldiers was enough to wake a close bond of sympathy between the mule and the soldier. even if it was dangerous to stand near one and tender a caress.

Catching Husbands in Frauce. In the south of France they make a very peculiar love charm in a very peculiar way. Under certain ceremonies the young woman catches and boxes up a frog in a box with a lot of little holes bored in the wood. The casket is then buried in an ant hill for two weeks. The ants, of course, attack the prisoner and eat up all the flesh, and all that is left is the creature's bones. Among these is a shield-shaped bone about as large as one's thumb nail, upon one end of which is a little hook. The girl takes the bone and has it blessed surreptitiously by the priest without his knowledge-that is, she exposes it during the benediction at the massand then she hooks it on the clothing of her sweetheart that is to be. The charm, when properly prepared with all due ceremony and Chicago Inter Ocean. care, has never been known to fail.

He Steals Trash.

Who steals any of the political rumors which

THE TRAGEDY OF THE SWAMP. A Criminal's Refuge to a Southern Swamp and His Horrible Fate.

Detroit Free Press. The swamps and bayous of the South are its ghosts-its unburied corpses-its death-traps. To be lost in one of the great swamps of Mississippi or Louisiana means more than death. It means such terror before death comes that you would pray to die, and welcome the messenger with open arms. In the old days of bondage a slave who ran away to the swamps was entered on the books as dead. If the alligators, serpents, vultures and awful lonesomeness drove him back to slavery, well and good. If they did not his master knew why. He knew that death had claimed him and he could not come. In these swamps the saurian and the serpent find their paradise. There is nothing to disturb themnothing to prevent them from living out their days. It is so dark and gloomy that the owl cries out at midday—so full of weirdness and terror that the vulture is alarmed by the sound of his own voice. We walked out on a long tongue of solid

ground penetrating the waters of the bayou for half a mile. Here the waters set back from the Pearl river until they formed what might be called a take. In time of drought this spot would almost be tillable. In time of flood the lake would be almost twice as large. There are trees standing here and there-stumps showing above the surface—logs and trees affoat. Every tree is loaded down with the funer moss, which swings to the lightest breeze. Every log is moss-grown and decayed. Every gallon of water has the germs of maleria and break-bone fever. It is the most melancholy reality the human eye ever saw. Chain a strong man here and he would go mad in a week. Life! Yes. But such life! It is near midday, and the great alligators are basking in the sun, while the rattlesnakes, cotton-mouths and moccasins move lazily about. A great bird of prey sits on the sole limb of a decayed tree overhanging the water, his head under his wing and unmindful of our presence. Humanity has no right here. It is one of the hell spots of the earth. Bring here one of the greatest sinpers of earth and give him his choice between this spot and the torments of hell and he would ask to be led away.

"Look! Look! He must be crazy!" So called two or three voices in chorus, and I looked across the southern arm of the lagoon to see a raft just putting off from the shore. It was only a couple of logs lashed together, and it moved out sluggishly. Standing in the center was a man-a negro. He was half a mile away, but the glass which one of the hunters carried brought him within a few feet of us. He was a stalwart fellow, but he had an ugly look. He was a criminal and a fugitive. He had committed some serious crime to force him to take refuge here. If pursuit had been made it had not availed. He did not look back and around him like one wno feared to hear the bay of dogs and shouts of men. He had endured the swamp until he could endure it no more. At the hazard of being caught he was bound to get out of it. If he could float himself across to the tongue of firm land the rest of the way was easy. He must have known of the dangers, but he was desperate and determined. He had no covering for his head, his shirt was in rags, and his torn and patched pants were rolled up to the knee. He had a pole, by which means he propelled the raft in a sluggish fashion. "Back out of sight-all of you!" whispered one of the group, and we lost no time in obey-

They tell of the Southern man hunting the negro down as he would a wolf, and they would have you believe that he has no pity nor mercy for him when he breaks the law. These were Southern men, and they knew that rape or murder had driven that black man to encounter the perils of the great swamp. It was pity for him -it was pity in their hearts which took the group out of his sight that he might not fear to land. It was to give him a chance for his life. I did not understand for a moment. Then a groan from one of the men caused me to raise my head. There was a ripple in the still, yellow waters of the bayou. It was to the left, and in three seconds there was a second to the right. "He is drowned!" whispered one of the men, as he handed me a glass. As I looked there were more ripples-a dozen

swirls and splashes-a commotion as of a score of swimmers, and directly I saw a monster alligator rear half his length out of the water. You may have seen men die in their beds or on the field of battle, but did you ever see a strong man fight for his life against terrible odds and finally go down? It is so with a man when the deadly undertow clutches him. It is so when he is pulled down by wild beasts. Terror blanched this man's black face to the color of ashes when he realized his peril. It made him tremble like one in a chill. opened his mouth to shout, but no sound came. From every portion of that bayou there was a rush of saurians-twenty-fifty-a hundred-a thousand, it seemed to me by the splash and

commotion. A brave man may weaken at peril, but reaction comes and he dies game. In one minute that black man shook off the fear which chained him, shut his teeth hard, and the fire of desperation burned in his eyes as it does in those of a wild beast brought to bay. He beat at the black heads and shouts with his pole-be used it as a club and a spear, and for five minutes he kept them off. He was still a quarter of a mile from us. I saw him calculate the distance with his eye. Then be looked around at his foes. Just then a monster saurian reared itself half its length upon the raft, determined to be first at the feast. With one powerful blow the pole was broken over the reptile's head, the piece flung aside, and with a short run and a panther-like leap the negro seemed to clear the circle closing in on him. In a few seconds his head appeared and he struck bravely out, while we now showed ourselves and encouraged him by voice and gesture. He had made fifty feet, and was cleaving the water with a strong arm, when he suddenly sprang breast-high above the surface, uttered one awful cry of agony, and was drawn down to be seen no more. The waters were all lashed and vexed until the muddy waves ran to our feet, but the turmoil gradually ceased, the reddish tinge was absorbed by the vellow, and ten minutes after he disappeared we saw nothing but the overturned

raft drifting down to lodge in a tree-top.

THE CHAMPION MUSCULAR MAN Bay-State Samson Who Lifts an Iron Beam Weighing 1,800 Pounds.

There is a broad-shouldered, dark-complexioned man in Chelsea who, it is claimed, is the strongest man in the county, if not in the State. He has been a physical giant from boyhood. When a mere youth he used to amuse himself by lifting a barrel of flour, putting it on his shoulder and carrying it around the block. Later, he would shoulder a barrel of sugar, and carry it up two flights of stairs and bring it down again, just for the fun of it.

When he was twenty-one years of age, he cel ebrated his coming of age by lifting a set of quarry cart wheels, including axle and pole, and lugging the whole lot, weighing 1,100 pounds, a quarter of a mile. After that his feats of strength were numerous. He held two men, weighing 160 pounds each, at arm's length, holding one on each hand. Bending big crowbars and pulling up sapling trees six inches through, by the roots, were ordinary pastimes for this young Samson.

The crowning feat of his life happened a few years ago, when he was a carpenter and worked on a new block then building in Chelsea. The workmen had been trying to hoist a big iron girder into its place on the second story. The girder had square edges and weighed 1,800 pounds. The ropes which had been placed around it were cut in two by the sharp edges as soon as the tackle was hauled taut. Finally, in desperation, the foreman sent for a chain. While the man was gone Mr. Houston shouldered the girder and took it up the ladder and

placed it in position. "It hurt my shoulders some," said he, when telling of his performance, "but outside of that I felt no inconvenience. I have never lifted in harness and do not know how much I could take up, but I have an idea that I could lift as much as Dr. Winship ever did if I tried. I am a workingman and have no time for such fooling." His muscles are as hard as knots, and he looks the picture of manly strength and muscular perfection.

A Remarkable Chess-Player. Pall Mall Gazette.

In America there are ladies who make a livelihood by teaching the principles of the social game of whist. In Russia there is a lady known to English chess circles, who, to use an Americanism, beats them hollow. She is a chessplayer, whose father, once a wealthy land-owner of the south of Russia, lost all his fortune over the the chess board. His daughter, now Mme. Lavroffsky, when still a young girl, was seized with the fixed idea of winning it back in the manner in which it was lost. She studied the game with unexampled assiduity under her father's guidance, and in time became a past master-or mistress-therein. Then she began her career as a professional. She bas, since then, amassed a considerable fortune, playing for large stakes, and lately married M. Lavroffsky, also a lover of chess, and is now coming to St. Petersburg to be lionized.

He Couldn't Stay Under Any Longer.

A couple of winters ago a party of gentlemen were skating on an Indiana pond, and made their sport more interesting by circling about a large air-hole. A husky young colored man joined the sport. He diversified the programme

by winding up a pigeon wing with an accidental

dive into the water and under the ice. There was some hustling, but as he failed to immediately appear, every one thought it was a case of small colored funeral as soon as navigation opened in the spring. While the skaters were standing around the open water, the ice behind them commenced to heave and crack. Suddenly there was an eruption of negro, and a black form stood up in about four feet of water and coolly, but not calmiv, surveyed the damage to the last spot of ice on the pond.

"Yo' must 'scuse me, gents," he remarked while clambering out. "I's moughty sorry foah spoilin' yore fun. But I's powerful strong in de back. I couldn't stay under wattah no longer.

AS REGARDS COLDS.

How to Get Rid of This Common Complaint-Starvation the Best Plan. Baltimore American.

It is safe to say that out of every four persons in this city three have colds. The rapidly shift ing weather, the interchange of sunshine and rain and the general careleseness tof the people are the causes. Not one person in a hundred takes care of himself or herself. Imprudence is the rule; discretion the exception. Of course the result is gratifying to the proprietors of cough syrups and similar concoctions, but it takes away a great deal of comfort from life and increases the large total of human misery. One of the most annoying experiences of a civilized race is the necessary and troublesome attentions that an able-bodied cold demands.

There are more ways of treating a cold than there are denominational systems for leading a correct life. Nearly every physician has a different remedy and a congregation of remedies and there is not a layman who does not know something that will cure quicker than anything else. Mention to your friends that you have a cold and you will get enough varying prescriptions to fill a small-sized encyclopedia. Try them all and you will either cure your cold or make yourself a confirmed invalid. Many an innocent person in the possession of fair health has become a source of wealth to doctors because of superabundant advice of friends and acquaintances.

Of course, the best way is to keep yourself in good condition, so that the system can resist the attacks of disease. When once you get s cold, however, you should take it in hand immediately and consult a physician. The method of letting colds take care of themselves is a good way to invite yourself to a funeral A suggestion that comes from a physician of large practice in Washington will prove interesting, and it may be valuable. He finds, he says, that colds are due to plethors and the remedy he uses is starvation. "To make the benefit permanent," he says, "let the patient abstain from food, both solid and liquid, for twenty-four hours, and then let him take a Turkish or Russian bath or a brisk walk, or both, and he will find his experiment to result in a permanent benefit." He day (an experiment which I tried for over a year) I found that I was absolutely exempt from every symptom of the disease, and nearly so upon resuming the two-meal system, which I now follow. But the three-meal system, subject as I am to the catarrh diathesis, gave me constant symptoms of plethora, which shows itself in catarrhal discharges, colds and bronchitis. One member of my family, noted for being a very light eater, never has a symptom of the disease, never finds handkerchief necessary, never needs even to clear the throat." This is the result of common-sense moderation in eating. Gormandizing is always dangerous,

necessary to health as temperance in drink. The starvation plan is undoubtedly a cheap one, and it cannot do much harm to try it, al though it may go decidedly against the grain to make the experiment when the patient is stopping at a high-priced American hotel. The national trait of getting one's money's worth would stand in the way. Still, good health is better than eating for spite, and if a day's starvation doesn't result beneficially there are several thousand other remedies that can be tried.

and the perpetual eater has to pay for his pleas-

ures in doctor bills. Temperance in food is as

LADIES ON THE WHEEL How They Learn to Ride the Bicycle and

Bicycle-riding is becoming quite popular among the ladies of this city, and it will not be strange or surprising to see them on the road in great numbers next season. Two of the leading clubs, the Philadelphia and the Pennsylvania, have already opened their doors to the gentler sex, and each has the names of several young women on its roll of membership. Each club has also set apart one room in the house for the use of the lady members and their friends. During the win ter these rooms will be handsomely furnished, for both the Pennsylvania and Philadelphia clubs expect to take in a great many young ladies next spring. It is only recently that Philadelphia's fair daughters took to the bicycle, and there are now at least half a hundred riders in the city. Perhaps one-third of the whole numher were taught to manage the wheel at the Park Bieyele Rink, at Belmont and Elm avenues. George S. Hart, who is one of the most

manager of this rink, and he has taken great pleasure in teaching his young lady pupils how to handle the bicycle. "Do young ladies have much trouble in learnfing to ride the bicycle?" was the question a re-

accomplished wheelmen in the country, is the

porter put to Mr. Hart the other day. 'No," was his prompt reply. "On the whole I think they learn much more rapidly than do men. To be sure, they are somewhat timid at the start, but with a little encouragement they soon get confidence in themselves and handle the wheel with perfect ease. You see, with the safety bicycle they cannot get much of a fall, even if they should go out of the saddle. They only have to take their foot from the pedal and step to the floor, a distance of about five or six inches, thereby saving themselves a

"How do they make out in mounting the ma-"I find that is the most difficult thing to teach them. In the first place, let me remove a popular impression that the ladies must sit astride a wheel just as the men do. That is not the case at all. The ladies' bicycle, instead of having a straight bar running down from the handle-post, has a U-shaped bar. This, you see, permits a lady to step right into the saddle. and there is nothing to interfere with her skirts. Now, as to mounting the machine. In getting on the ladies' wheel you make a standing pedal mount. Every pupil has some trouble in mastering this, but by constant practice she learns to mount the wheel very skillfully and gracefully. By the way, I want to tell you that the men will have to look about or the young women will leave them way behind. They are much more graceful riders than men, and it will

Hunting for "Rocking Stones."

not be a great while before they will get the

Professor Henry Beals, a fellow of the Royal Society of London, is in New Haven, completing the work of making a study of the erratic bowlders which are so common in New England and on the north side of Long island. His search for "rocking stones" has been made in conjunction with geologists on the continent, who are seeking to establish beyond controversy the theory that these great rocks and curiously balanced stones, which in many instances are as large as a small house, were carried on floating icebergs during that mysterious era known as the glacial period. The Professor says he is more than ever convinced of the truth of this theory. Of the rocking stones he has discovered but one new example at Noank. Conn., on the farm of Caleb Haley, a New York fieb-dealer. Only one other stone is known of in New England, that at Lanesboro.

A photograph has been taken of Mohegan Rock in Montville, Conn. It is forty-five feet high and seventy feet long, and is calculated by scientists to weigh 10,000 tons. Professor Beals says the next largest rock of the glacial deposits in New England is that in Nottingham, sixtytwo feet long and fifty feet high, and weighs 6,000 tons. He says that the bowlders strewn along Long island are all much smaller than those found in New England.

The Plymouth rock, on which the Pilgrims are said to have first stepped ashore, he calls an erratic bowlder of syenite, supposed to have been moved by the ice from the Roxbury ledges

Pliable Leather Corsets. Pall Mall Gazette.

Quite a column has been devoted in the leading French papers to the news that a fresh material had been discovered for-corsets. One would not expect English influence to assert itself in so delicate a department. But leather corsets are to be traced remotely to the influence of the insulars. French ladies have taken up tennis (in a very dainty way) and croquet. They even mention cricket as within teminine possibilities, though probably they only mean the less active game that is played with hoops and mallets. However, the Parisian corsetter has seen his opportunity. For such robust exercise the ordinary fabric is quite maufficient. A concession is to be made to English demands. There is to be give and take. French girls are to play tennis and English girls are to wear leather corsets. The change will probably be greater for the French than for the English, though neither innovation is much more than a revival. In the days of Henry V-if Shakspeare is any authority-the Parisians played a gind of tennis, and certainly in the days of Cromwell, if English girls did not wear kid

corsets, their fathers put on leather jerkins.

CRECSOTING LUMBER

The Process of Extracting the Oil and How It Is Absorbed by the Wood. Boston Advertiser.

The practice of creosoting lumber is of very recant date, yet lumber so treated has become recognized as superior for use in places where it is exposed to the action of water and to the weather. There are two distinct steps in the process of creosoting lumber, the preparation of the oil and the treatment of the wood. The oil is extracted from lightwood, which is obtained from the resinous yellow-pine trees of the South which are killed for the purpose when not found dead. Trees which have begun to decompose are not suitable. This lightwood is placed in iron retorts, which are then hermer sealed, and fires are Ladled in the furnaces over which these retorts are horizontally placed. A copper worm standing to a tank of water connects with each retort, giving vent to vapors which are exhaled when the temperature in the retorts rises to about 225 degrees. All distillation up to the time the temperature reaches 400 degrees is allowed to run to waste. At 380 to 400 degrees the wood tar begins to form in the retort, and the firing is then greatly increased, and the distillates thereafter received become of commercial value. This process is continued funtil distillation ceases, and the residuum product in the retort is a perfect char-

The material to be creosoted is placed in cylinders which are made of boiler iron and tested to withstand a great pressure. Super-heated steam is admitted into the steam-pipes which are contained in the cylinder, and also live steam from the boiler admitted freely into the cylinders. By this means the sap is drawn from the lumber to be treated, and sap and condensed steam are blown from the cylinder, This process is continued from six to ten hours according to the nature of the lumber. The vacuum pump is next called into requisition, and according to the amount of creosote to be forced into the timber the process of exhaust is continued until the vacuum gauge shows from eighteen to twenty-eight inches of vacuum. The oil, heated to about 160 degrees, is then allowed to flow into the cylinder, which is completely filled. If the timber does not absorb the required amount of oil, a pressure pump is used until the process is complete, and a specified amount of oil per cubic foot of timber has been

THE BUSTLE MUST GO. Parisians So Declare—The Latest Style of Gown Described.

Paris Illustre. The latest fashions for the benefit of our lade

The characteristic stamp of the newest fashion is the total disappearance of the bustleanxiety to custom-house officers, as being favorite cache for lace and even cigars. The style of gown now most approved dubbed "Empire." It is, in fact, a resurrection of the tight-fitting frock which we know some twelve years since, and which drives the overbuxom or over-meager to desperation. Mada Sarah Bernhardt and "La Tosca" did much to revive this cut, but the short waisted bodie which strictly belongs to it is not accepted by everyone, and with good reason, for it is un-

This is a dress worn by Madame Hochon-Duchess d'Uzes's great friend—at a dinner give in honor of the grand-ducal party, the day be fore the coursing match. A plain skirt of briggellow satin, with a broad embroidery around the bottom, of ears of corn in gen worked on the dress itself. Puffed sleeves white crape; a broad sash of white crape the waist and knotted at one side. A little se onet of gold corn in the hair; a fan with a las

century mount. All our old laces will be disinterred from the boxes and drawers this winter, to trim in-deep dresses; out-of-door hats and bonnets will be abundantly covered with feathers. The ligh est tulle is in fashion again for young girl wear; and the greatest novelty will be skirts various shades of tulle, one above at Thus, over a skirt of white tulle, there will be one of pink tulle, and then one in sky-blue; the body trimmed with a bunch of ribbons of all three colors. The effect is charming, an an enthusiastic dress-maker declared in my heard ing, "quite poetical."

Some Christmas Gifts.

Detroit Tribune.

Bolting cloth aprone are a popular gift this season: the threads drawn around the bottom, and ribbon, the very narrow taste, run in at measured spaces. Aprons are always ble gifts, and a little ingenulty and taste will enable any one to make one pretty and poique. Anyone that has saved acorns can put them. to a novel use by gilding them and stringing them like the fashionable bangle as a fringe for a table or picture searf. A dining room lam-brequin made of olive felt and trimmed with gilded acorns was a unique gift much admired at a recent wedding.

A neglige bag useful to hold the odds and ends necessary to the toilet is pretty and inexpensive. The bag is formed by an open, circular, cardboard box covered with lines or stlicia The bag itself consists of a foundation of painsook muslin, with a border and edging of white embroidery. It is gathered at the top with rib-bons, and trimmed with a rosette of white embroidery or lace as used for the lower border. The cardboard box can be removed when the

cover needs laundering. One of the newest bits of fancy work is to applique chintz flowers to plain material for table and mantel covers. The flowers are cut out of the chintz and arranged artistically on plain linen, canton fiannel or other selected material, and then appliqued with fine lines or wool, or filoselle of the ground color. In this way some exquisite effects are secured. It is also a pretty way of making a slumber pillow.

Rice straw held together by double vandykes, f red or blue plush mounted on card board and tied with a bow of colored satin ribbon to match the plush, makes a unique and useful homemade brush and can be used for the table as a crumb brush or a toilet accessory; the straw must be cut even at both ends of the plush band, leaving two inches of straw uncovered. "Recollection pillows" are just now in fashion, and will be a gift of the season. These are

made in two ways, of bits of pretty silk secured from friends, the name of the giver embroidered upon each and put together with a fancy stitch make a pretty pillow, or one may make the pill low of a silk handkerchief and fill it with the withered flowers or crumpled rose leaves received or gathered during last summer. Another gift useful and practical is a bearth broom and hangs with the shovel, tongs and bellows on one side of the open fire-place. It is made of brown splints-a big generous handful bunched loosely—fastening in as the splints are added a loop of ribbon by which it is to be hung, and going far enough into the splints to be se-

curely held. When the broom is sufficiently full cut off the squareness of the upper part, wind parrow ribbon tightly round and round until the space above the twine which holds the splints into place is evenly covered, then tie a wide ribon around the handles, fashioned into a flat bow. If well tied the brooms will not pull out It is much more ornamental than the boughtes. hearth brooms and will last quite as long.

As Stayless as Venus.

No mother should allow her daughter to wear stays. If a girl never begins to wear corsets, I; promise her she will not require them. But woo if she once begins to wear them, for they weaken the spine, and once weakened it cannot dispense with the false support it has long depended upon. Believe me, the most graceful figures are those which have never been in steel or whalebone. I will risk all I possess in a wager that if you never put stays on a little girl she will not require them when she becomes woman, and she will have a figure that every one will admire and covet. A young gir with a slight, supple, yet firm figure, certainly needs no corset; and a woman, however stoct she may be, will always look fleshier and stiffer in stays than without them.

1, who write these lines, am a stayless being and I need not blush if I tell you at this distance that my dress-makers used to say that among all their ladies, there was not one whe had a more perfect figure. To use their expression, I was "moulee." You see, I speak to the past tense; years have changed the once youthful figure to more matronly proportions, but I can still exercise, touching the ground without

bending the knees.

She Was After His Money. San Francisco Chronicle. The captain of police at one of the stations is the city was sitting in his chair reading the paper the other morning when a woman came in hurriedly, dragging a fair-haired child about three years old. She was much excited.

"Is John Jones dead?" she asked. The captain looked up, and, taking a kindly survey of the two, asked gently: "And who is John Jones!" "He is my husband," said the woman, "and he has been missing since Saturday. Tell me,

Captain, is he dead-or only drunk!"

The Captain rose and went to the record. He looked over the pages and stopped at the name of John Jones. "John Jones is dead drunk, ma'am." "Had he any money on him?"

The Captain once again made as in and then handed her \$1.40 taken from

Jones's pocket. The weman and the child a gayly out of the station.